

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

DEMOCRATIC CURRENCY REFORM.

Nobody will question the loyalty of ex-Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, to the New Democracy whose creed was formulated at Chicago in 1896. Mr. Altgeld was then and has been ever since one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. It is not too much to say that if it had not been for his devoted energy and his superb generalship the nomination of Mr. Bryan on a free silver platform would have been impossible. And it has been only a few months since he made his campaign for Mayor of Chicago as the especial guardian of the silver faith.

When, therefore, Mr. Altgeld announces his belief that the Democratic platform next year should not be made "top-heavy with a 16 to 1 declaration" his action is profoundly significant. It means, not that the reactionary forces in the Democratic party are regaining control, but that the men who embody the spirit of reform that was triumphant in 1896 are broad-minded and clear-sighted enough to read the signs of the times and keep abreast of the movement of popular thought. These men know that the people are not thinking of the same things now that they were thinking about three years ago. The whole situation of the country has been transformed since then, and the Democracy can no more carry on the campaign of 1900 on the lines of 1896 than it could have carried on the campaign of 1896 on the lines of 1892. Principles are unchangeable, but their applications vary with circumstances.

On March 19—over four months ago—the Journal said:

The Journal believes that the supreme duty of the Democrats next year is **TO WIN THE ELECTION** in order to curb the power of the corporations and trusts before it is too late, and to put an end to the frightful corruption which, under the shameless alliance between the Republican party and the pirates of wealth, is undermining the whole fabric of our national life.

Whatever we may think of the policy of the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 as an abstract proposition, it can hardly be denied that to adopt it as the chief article of Democratic faith in 1900 would seriously impair the party's chances of **SUCCESS**. Democratic defeat in that campaign would mean a renewed debauch of McKinleyism, Algerism and Hannanism; it would mean such a strengthening of the grip of the trusts and corporations on our Government as would make it almost impossible to shake them off, and it would mean not merely the loss of free silver, but the probable demonetization of the standard dollars already coined, the conversion of the silver certificates into gold obligations, the retirement and cancellation of the greenbacks, and the transfer of the control of the currency from the Government to the banks. It is a disaster to be averted at any cost.

If, therefore, the **same good for the people** can be secured, and even better secured, by some other method than free silver, against which there is a wide prejudice, it is the duty of the Democracy to consider that method and to adopt it, provided it is more likely to be successful at the polls and consequently to bring about **ACTUAL RESULTS**.

The Journal proceeded to suggest such a method. Bearing in mind the fact that the object to be gained by free silver was a sufficient volume of money, accessible to the people and not subject to monopoly, it showed that this object could be attained by an **issue of interconvertible bonds and paper protected by income-earning national property**.

The proposition was that Congress should withdraw the note-issuing privilege from the national banks and compel the redemption of the outstanding \$250,000,000 of national bank notes; that the Government should issue its own notes to the amount of \$500,000,000, or any other sum agreed upon; that the holders of these notes should have the privilege of exchanging them either for coin or for two per cent bonds at par; that the holders of the bonds should have the privilege of exchanging them back again at any time for notes, and that the proceeds of these issues should be **invested in railroads, telegraphs and other profitable income-producing properties of a national character, whose possession would "serve at once as an additional protection to the credit of the notes and bonds and as a relief to the public from corporate extortions."**

On such an issue, invested in properties paying 4 per cent profits, the Government would clear from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year net. There would be no possibility of a stringency of money, for all the outstanding bonds could be turned into cash whenever currency became scarce. Nor could there be any redundancy, for whenever money became too plentiful to find profitable investments it would be locked up in bonds until the balance had been restored. The supply of currency would automatically regulate itself.

Now that Mr. Altgeld and his friends are ready to look beyond free silver for a Democratic currency plank, what do they think of this?

A MODEL OF RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

very commendable and worthy of imitation by the religious press.

The Herald says:

We are filled with tenderest sympathy for his household. As husband and father he had endeared himself unspeakably. Whatever others may write or do at such a solemn time as this, we certainly will plant no nettles on his new-made grave, and only wish that we could put upon it a fragrant and radiant garland of Christian hope and Divine solace.

When we contrast these tender and sympathetic sentences with the harsh denunciations that were hurled at the great agnostic thirty years ago we can see the rapid growth of tolerance in matters of belief.

If the religious press and pulpit had always shown the kindly spirit manifested last week by the Christian Herald such men as Ingersoll would be found inside instead of outside of the churches, and the misunderstandings which have split the Christian church into innumerable sects might never have occurred.

The Herald has shown itself generous enough to forget the controversies and hard words of former years and the merciless sarcasm which Colonel Ingersoll aimed at "Talmagean theology." It speaks of the famous sceptic as a man and a brother, mistaken in his views of the hereafter, but fulfilling his obligations to his family and his fellowmen.

The Christian Herald has said the right word in the right place. Its action in this matter is in keeping with the general spirit of enlightenment that pervades its treatment of all subjects. May its tribe increase!

THE HAPPY BROOKLYN ENGINEERS

A contemporary indulges in a long and thoughtful discussion of the new pay schedule issued by President Rossiter, of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. This schedule, it seems, "provides for three grades of motormen—those who run trolley cars, and those who run Bridge cars, and those who run elevated trains." Those of the first class are to receive \$2 per day, those of the second class \$2.25, and those of the third \$2.50.

Our contemporary discusses the reasons that have led President Rossiter to offer his elevated train motormen the munificent wage of \$2.50 a day, and is inclined to think that really the man who handles a surface car works harder for his money than the one who handles an elevated train, and is entitled to higher pay. It makes out a very fair case.

for its contention, but we seem to remember that only about two weeks ago Mr. Rossiter was promising the engineers of his elevated trains that if they would refrain from helping the striking motormen he would continue to pay them \$3.50 per day after the roads were equipped with electricity.

The engineers did a very bright thing in looking out for themselves at that time as well as they did. But they would have been still brighter if they had induced Mr. Rossiter to put his promises into the form of a legal contract, secured by a million-dollar bond.

TRUSTS AND LABOR UNIONS.

Ex-Senator Ingalls always writes entertainingly, but not always convincingly. In his latest contribution to the Journal he contends, first, that "trusts and labor unions are inseparable evils"—which is true—and, second, that "they are twin relics of barbarism"—which is very far from scientific accuracy.

These combinations have no organic relation with the past, for our labor unions and the medieval guilds are two entirely different things; but they have a very important relation to the future.

Trusts and labor unions are stepping stones, and immediate stepping stones, to our next industrial system under which public functions will be greatly extended. They correspond to labor pains, or to the teething period of a child. When a child is getting its teeth it suffers great discomforts, but we know these are necessary evils, introducing a better time to come.

The system of unchecked capitalist control of industry cannot possibly last. Comparative prosperity, like that we now have, will be followed by increasingly harder and harder times, and during prosperity strikes are sure to occur and increase both in numbers and violence.

"Employers and employed ought to be auxiliaries and friends," exclaims Mr. Ingalls. Yes, just as sellers and buyers are and should be. But they nevertheless have opposite interests, absolutely conflicting interests, and when these interests mean life or death to one of the parties it easily turns into exasperation, armed, as Mr. Ingalls truly admits, "with all the resources of modern science."

Undoubtedly we are "approaching a crisis of extreme gravity," but we think its outcome can be foretold: It will involve struggles and sufferings, but it will bring in the golden age. For "the golden age," of which poets

have sung, lies not in the past, but in the future.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT OLD AGE.

A correspondent commenting on the Journal's discussions of old age and old men says: This country has grown cruelly hard in my twenty years of living here. Just so soon as the hair begins to turn white and the form becomes a little bent, out you go, to make way for some one younger. It is hard enough in the old country, but they have not as yet quite succeeded in throwing away all feelings of humanity in their mad rush for wealth, as we have.

And he concludes: "Is it any wonder that intelligent men become socialists?"

There is undoubtedly a great deal in what our correspondent says. This has become "a cruelly hard country," naturally so, since here competition has had full sway, unhindered by any other consideration, such as the European checks of monarchy and nobility. The strongest, brightest and often most unscrupulous youths have come over here from Europe, intent only upon making money. They have made it, but only by each man's hand being raised against every other's.

It naturally follows that our most intelligent men are fast becoming advocates of a change in our industrial methods. And the twentieth century will be a grand century because it will see the beginnings of this great change.

All our present, noblest literature is in sympathy with this social movement.

This is the first time in history when men have been able to draw the horoscope for a coming century—to predict and to frame an ideal for it.

Can any higher ideal be imagined for the coming century than a state in which the welfare of each is the concern of all? This will be the salvation for all—not alone for old men, but for young men as well, and for women, too.

And because ours is now a "hard country," that is why we shall initiate the great change and be a model to other nations.

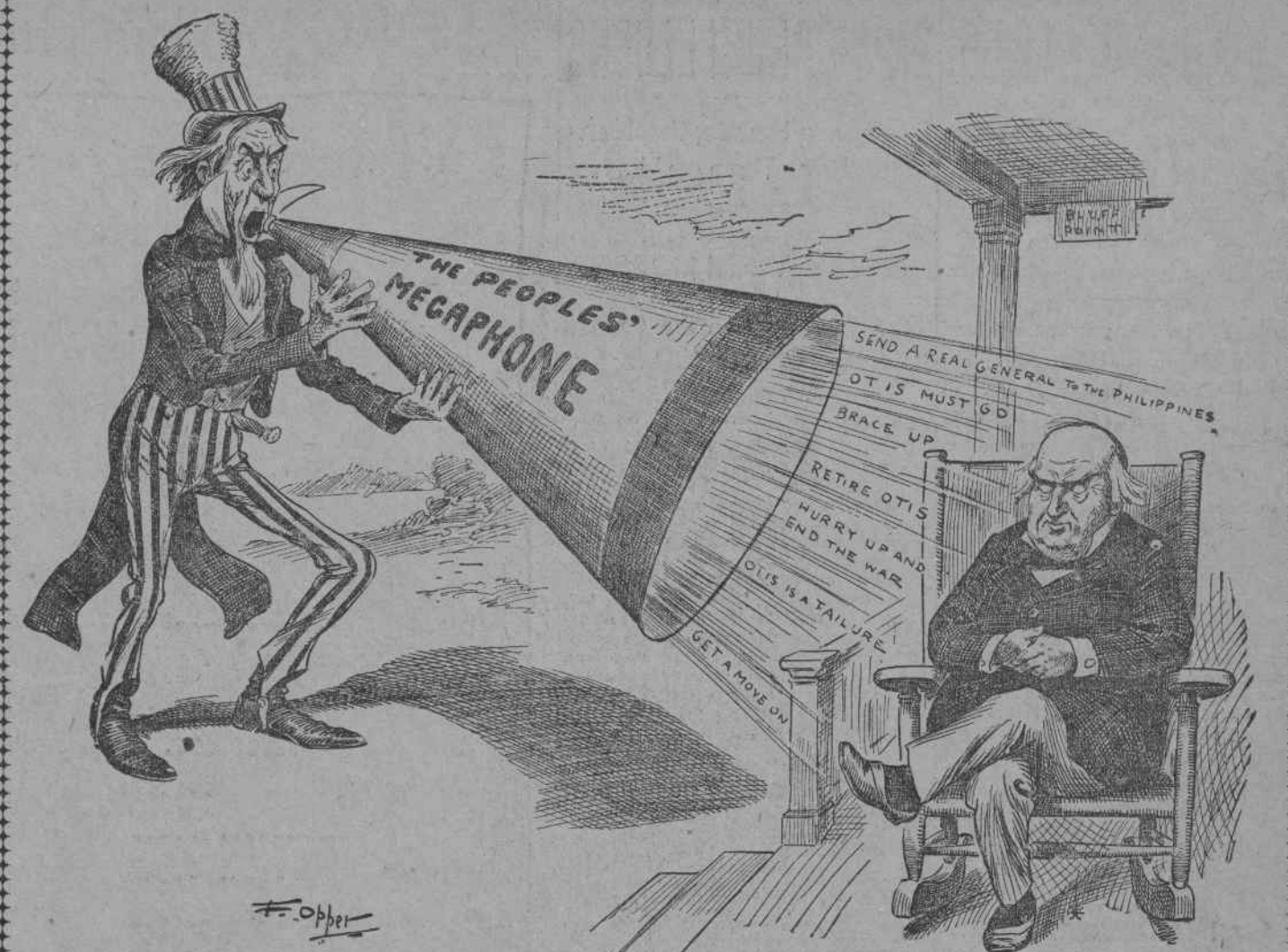
The Need of Safe Elevators.

To the Editor of the Journal: "An Elevator Falls with Eight People" is too common news, and it's mighty fortunate if "only one was injured."

Isn't it criminal negligence on the part of both builder and owner that the elevators are not provided with every possible safeguard, such as friction clutch brakes, to prevent dropping, and buffer springs, to catch the car and let it down easy at the bottom of the shaft?

Isn't it the duty of the Board of Health to condemn elevators that are not thus safeguarded? A. B. STODDARD.

WORST CASE OF DEAFNESS ON RECORD.



MAX NORDAU ON DREYFUS'S INNOCENCE. THE MIGHT AND CERTAINTY OF TRUTH.

IN the "Amethyst Ring," by Anatole France, one of the greatest books of modern times, of inexhaustible moral worth, the ironic M. Bergeret replies as follows to the question whether he believes in the invisible power of truth:

"I believe, on the contrary, that truth is in danger of perishing under the disdain and calumny of the world. Remember that truth compared with untruth possesses weaknesses which doom it to annihilation. Truth is, first of all, one-sided, while falsehood is multi-phased. Therefore the latter has by far the better chance.

"But this is not truth's only fault. Truth is slothful. It is not subject to changes and is not capable of intrigues through which the human mind or human passions can be charmed.

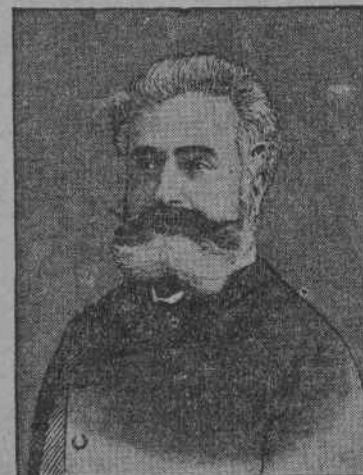
"Falsehood on the other hand has wonderful resources. It is pliable and malleable. It is, moreover—let us not be afraid to say it—natural and moral. Natural, because it is the ordinary expression of the mechanism of the mind, that strange reservoir of chimeras; moral, because it agrees with the habits of mankind, which has founded its conceptions of good and bad, its divine and human laws, on the oldest, holiest, most senseless, most exalted, most barbarous and most untruthful interpretations of the natural phenomena.

"Falsehood is the essence of all virtue and beauty among men. Winged figures and supernatural pictures embellish our gardens, palaces and temples. . . . Truth harms falsehood but little."

This is the self-castigating scorn of a world-wise philosopher, who, following the counsel of Beaumarchais, hastens to laugh over deplorable conditions for fear that he might otherwise be forced to weep over them.

The power of truth! It is one of those phrases with which we seek to render the offensiveness of reality somewhat tolerable. Careful observation convinces us that truth is an invisible essence, which does not cry out aloud, does not impose itself, does not battle for its rights; which goes its way, despised and ignored by the world, and is only perceived by those who seek it industriously.

This is obvious to all who observe the present events in France. Here is a people whose great qualities of mind and character it would be foolish to deny, since their glorious history of four centuries and thousands of mighty achievements bear incontrovertible testimony of greatness. The French have uncovered some of the most hidden truths. In psychology we find the grand mind of



MAX NORDAU.

Descartes; in physiology the inventive Lavoisier. I need not mention the names of Pasteur, Fresnel and Hany. And this same people is incapable—let us not be deceived by the present turn of affairs—to comprehend a plain, simple truth, fully understood in both hemispheres, a truth acknowledged by the highest court of France.

In my judgment I do not include such men as Quesnay de Beaurepaire, who, to preserve the honor of mankind, ought to be classed with the insane Jules Lemaitre, who conscientiously caters to the natural bloodthirst of the semi-educated mobs, or François Coppee, whose doggerel was the laughing stock of France long before he became an irrepressible chatterbox. These nonentities prove nothing against the convincing power of truth. They only prove that well developed impudence cannot be crushed even by the overwhelming weight of facts.

There is nothing new in this. It is the principle of the born criminal—never confess, no matter what the evidence may prove.

Nor do I include the hypocrites who know the truth very well. I speak of the great mass of the people, of whom falsehood has taken possession, who cling to it with good faith, and over whom

truth seems to have no power. There are millions of such tightly locked souls in France. They teach the wretchedness of human nature and the narrowness of the human mind.

Nevertheless, it would be absurd to deny the power and the final triumph of truth. We may be blind to the everlasting evolutions of the starry world, to the might of electricity and sunlight, but the eternal, implacable reign of nature's forces exist. To be brief, let me speak anthropomorphically.

The forces of nature ignore human creatures; they do not seek to be recognized and understood by men. They perform their duty unmindful of the whimsical ideas of the little beings. We are simply destroyed by them if, either through accident or folly, we thwart their course. So does truth finally destroy all who seek to obstruct its silent but powerful onward march.

Passing from the abstract to the concrete, our indignation knows no bounds. What philosopher can contain his equality when he beholds the obstinate resistance of the people?

The German Imperial Government has officially declared: "We have had no dealings with Dreyfus."

Millions of Frenchmen exclaim in the face of this declaration: "We know that Dreyfus was a spy in the pay of the German Government."

The highest court of France announces: "The bordereau was written by Esterhazy, who also confesses that he wrote it."

The same millions reply: "We know that Dreyfus wrote the bordereau."

Three officers have testified that the artillery and musketry sheets of instructions of 1894 were manifested and that copies were in the possession of hundreds of officers.

The people reply to this: "We know that Dreyfus alone had access to this great, well-protected secret."

From both hemispheres resounds the cry, "Dreyfus is innocent." And the cry is drowned in France by the senseless howl: "We know that Dreyfus is a traitor, and that both hemispheres are ruled by a Jewish-Protestant-Masonic syndicate."

Our first impulse, in view of such a social phenomenon, is to denounce the world in angry indignation. Our second impulse, however, is to turn to a thorough self-examination, which is bound to make us humble and deeply sorrowful. We are taught lessons of self-suspicion and warnings against all self-righteousness, and the necessity of thoroughly testing all testimony and opinions, our own as well as those of others.

M. Nordau.

VILLUM VALLPAPER ASTOR'S PEDALGREE. AFTER A NEW ONE NOW.

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DER world is full mit sorrowfulness and my speetiggles dey vas vet mit weepings because I haf been cruelly separated from my dear old college chump, Villum Vallpaper Astor, vich he is now a Englishier, mit his trousersing rolled up ab der boddoms—Gott safe der Queen!

Yesterday I stobbed making weepings long enough to hold a short conversations mit Villum Vallpaper offer my vireless. Poor Villum! How I vill miss him vich he is a Englishier, sweating ad der fog and watching vat kind af neckties der Brince af Vales vears mit his guff suitings.

"Villie," I set, ven ve med nb mit each udder offer der vireless, "Oxcoos me vot I call you Villie, but I am efervame py der recollection af der bleasant days vich ve spent togedder in der same country some distance away from each udder. How could you leet us, Villie, how could you ditte it?" "Ach, mein Heber, Dinky," set Villie, "doand rebroach me! Do nod dood id, Dinky, do nod dood id! Dey say vot I haf sold my biethright for a mess of potash, but id is falseness, Dinky, id is falseness. I vill safe enough on der jazes to buy zvel hunter messes of potash."

Und den ve vept.

"I feel so much sorrowfulness, Villie," I set, "because somevun has remooft der sduffling from your luffly pedalgree. Id must be a dreadful afflictionment to have your pedalgree oberated on for appendicitis just ad der fery dme you Imaginatid id vas enchoying good health. How vill you manage to make existence offer dare midoudid a pedalgree? Poor Villie! A chentlemans py blirch, but you cannot proof id because somevun, has made monkey pitzness mit your pedalgree. Vot a shame id is, yet!"

Und den ve vept.

"Ach, himmel, Dinky, how I haf suffered on account af dot pedalgree," set Villie, "Mit a iet bevel and a foundain pen and a boddle af nuchlage and der skissors I hat traced myself back to Villum der Kinkleror, and just ven I found out dot I vas relationship mit twentys-sefen dooks and abulld fempt and svaings earls some fellow mit a low forehead came along mit a dark lantern and invitations me to vake up. Dare is nuddings so cruel, Dinky, as to lose your pedalgree just ad der dime ven you expectation to lif in der same yard mid der Brince af Vales."

Und den ve vept.

"Just loog ad der luffly ancestrals vot I bermissioned myself to hat!" set Villie, "Dit you know Joachim d'Astonishment?" "Nein," I set.



UND DEN VE VEPT.

"Veil," set Villie, "he vas vun af my ancestrals, and he made fighting mit Alexander der Grend ad der baddele af Sandy Dago. Dit you know Sir Pegleg d'Astorblilk?" "Nein," I set.

"Veil," set Villie, "he vas annuder ancestral. I vound him in a nofel py Laura Ebene Lippy. He vought mit Chulins Caesar ad der baddele af Matanzas. Den dare vas Sir Bump d'Log. He vought mit Naboleon ad der baddele af Geddsburg. Den dare vas der Duc d'Veestakes and der Duc d'Crackachack, and der Duc d'Paddenhead. Dey vas all Huguenots, and I vound dem in a Dutch almanac ven dey escaped from France in der year 1563. I doand dink any man efer hat a bedder collection af ancestrals to pud in a pedalgree den I hat before dot inkwisyttf chent came along and kigged der sduffling out af id."

Und den ve vept.

"Perhaps you made a misdake in der logation of your ancestrals, Villie," I set, "Uf you hat gone out to der Phillypenuts Islands and discovered a pedalgree ten feet long no vun would

haf objectioned. Unt to-day you vould be habby sidding on der doorteb mit der Brince af Vales and smoking cigarrots and delling der Brince how your great-great-great-great-grandfather, der Duc d'Astorgin, vought in der same running races mit der great-great-great-great-grandfather af Naggraldo. I dink af you voked id heeblerly you could location a first-glass line af ancestrals in der Phillypenuts Islands, Villie."

"Ach, himmel, Dinky! Vot a luffly succestation! You haf made me der habblest Englishier vot efer lefd his own coudry because he vas ankry mit der dax collectioners. In about six weeks I vill haf annuder pedalgree and a new line af ancestrals dot inkwisyttf beebies cannot disturbance mit a dynamite bump. You vill hat to oxcoos me now, Dinky. I haf to vent out und led my viskers grow like der Brince. Und den after I accomplishment dot I haf to learn to vistle "Gott Safe der Gween" mit both hants tied behind my pack. Raw rewar, Dinky!"

Und den me and Villie separated.

DIEDERICH DINKELSPIEL.

(Per George V. Hobart.)